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LE MONDE, Paris
19 November 1969

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF FRENCH WRITERS PUBLISHES
A DECLARATION ON THE SOLZHENITSYN AFFAIR

"The exclusion of Solzhenitsyn from the Union of Soviet Writers ... constitutes in the eyes of the entire world a monumental error which is not limited to harming the Soviet Union but helps confirm the opinion of socialism which its enemies propagate," the directing committee of the National Committee of Writers (C.N.E.) states in a communique.

In this protest, signed notably by Jean-Paul Sartre, Elsa Triolet, Vercors, Jacques Madaule, Arthur Adamov, Aragon, Jean-Louis Bory, Michel Butor and Christiane Rochefort, the CNE poses a question: "Is it really necessary that the great writers of the USSR be treated like noxious beings? This would be completely unbelieveable if it were not clearly evident through their example that, with the singular complicity of certain of their colleagues, it is not only the writers as a whole, but in a more general way the intellectuals that they are trying to terrify, to dissuade from being anything other than soldiers marching in step.... How could we have believed that today, in the homeland of triumphant socialism, that that which not even a Nicolas II would have thought of doing to Chekhov, when he freely published his Sakhalin, would be the fate of a writer who is the most characteristic of the great Russian tradition, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, once already a victim of the Stalinist repression and whose essential crime is to have survived?

"Is it necessary to tell our Soviet confreres ... that they should recall that the signature of certain of their predecessors confirming similar expulsions was too often a blank check given to the hangman? We still wish to believe, as in the time of the furies unleashed by a jury which dared crown the greatest Russian poet then living (Pasternak -Ed.), in the top leadership of this people to whom we owe the dawn of October and the defeat of Hitlerian fascism, there will be found persons capable of understanding the evil being done and of not letting it be carried out," concluded the statement.

* * * * * * * *

In the issue of Lettres Françaises which contains this statement, Mr. Pierre Daix, editor-in-chief of the weekly, reports a conversation he had at the beginning of the month with the Czech writer Vladimir Brett. The latter wished to protest against the aricles by Aragon on the situation in Prague. Mr. Daix replied that his publication did not want to meddle in the internal affairs of a foreign country, but for reasons of principle he pointed out that the questionnaire of the Ministry of Education organizing systematic informing did the greatest harm to the movement. His interlocutor indicated that he had learned of the existence of this questionnaire through the article by Aragon, which did not prevent him from claiming that Lettres Françaises was very badly informed by the emigres. Mr. Daix concluded the conversation with these words:

"We are well informed in the West by the different newspapers and the radios on what goes on in your country. We can compare the different reports and verify them with a critical spirit. If your comrades still think that the news of what goes on in your country is a matter of personal and private relations and -- why not? -- of secret services, then it is because they have a very narrow, backward conception of news, (to say the least), which had well-known consequences in the 1950's."

LE MONDE, Paris
19 November 1969

Le Comité national des écrivains français publie une déclaration sur l'affaire Soljenitsyne

« *L'exclusion de Soljenitsyne de l'Union des écrivains soviétiques (...) constitue aux yeux du monde entier une erreur monumentale qui ne se borne pas à nuire à l'Union soviétique mais contribue à confirmer l'opinion du socialisme qu'en propagent ses ennemis* », affirme dans un communiqué le comité directeur du Comité national des écrivains.

Dans cette protestation, signée notamment par Jean-Paul Sartre, Elsa Triolet, Vercors, Jacques Madaule, Arthur Adamov, Aragon, Jean-Louis Bory, Michel Butor et Christiane Rochefort, le C.N.E. pose la question : « *Faut-il vraiment que les grands écrivains de l'U.R.S.S. soient traités comme des êtres nuisibles? Cela serait parfaitement incompréhensible si l'on ne voyait d'évidence qu'en eux, avec la complicité singulière de certains de leurs confrères, ce sont non seulement les écrivains dans leur ensemble mais de façon plus générale les intellectuels qu'on cherche à épouvanter, à dissuader d'être autre chose que des soldats marchant au pas de parade (...). Comment aurions-nous pu croire qu'aujourd'hui, dans la patrie du socialisme triomphant, ce que n'avait même pas songé à faire un Nicolas II contre Tchekhov, publiant livrement son Sakhaline, serait le sort de l'écrivain le plus caractéristique de la grande tradition russe, Alexandre Soljenitsyne, une fois déjà victime de la répression stalinienne et dont le crime essentiel est d'y avoir survécu?*

» *Faut-il dire à nos confrères soviétiques (...) qu'ils devraient se rappeler que la signature de certains de leurs devanciers confirmant des exclusions semblables a été trop souvent le blanc-seing donné au bourreau? Nous voulons encore croire que, comme au temps des colères déchaînées par un jury qui avait osé couronner le plus grand poète russe alors vivant* (1), *dans les hauts conseils de ce peuple à qui nous devons l'aurore d'Octobre et la défaite du fascisme hitlérien, il se trouvera des gens capables de comprendre le mal fait et de ne pas le laisser s'accomplir* », conclut la déclaration.

⁂

Dans le numéro des *Lettres françaises* qui contient cette déclaration, M. Pierre Daix, rédacteur en chef de l'hebdomadaire, rend compte d'une conversation qu'il a eue au début du mois avec l'écrivain tchèque Vladimir Brett. Celui-ci entendait protester contre les articles d'Aragon sur la situation à Prague. M. Daix a répondu que son journal ne voulait pas se mêler des affaires intérieures d'un pays étranger, mais que pour des raisons de principe il relevait que le questionnaire du ministre de l'éducation organisant la délation systématique faisait le plus grand tort au mouvement. Son interlocuteur a indiqué qu'il avait appris par l'article d'Aragon l'existence de ce questionnaire, ce qui ne l'a pas empêché d'affirmer que *les Lettres françaises* étaient très mal informées par des émigrés. M. Daix a conclu la conversation par ces mots :

« *Nous sommes bien informés en Occident par les différents journaux et les radios sur ce qui se passe dans votre pays. Nous pouvons comparer les différentes informations et les vérifier avec esprit critique. Si vos camarades en sont encore à s'imaginer que l'information sur ce qui se passe chez vous est affaire de relations personnelles et privées et, pourquoi pas? de services secrets, alors c'est qu'ils ont de l'information la conception étroite, arriérée, pour ne pas dire plus, qui a eu les conséquences qu'on sait dans les années 50.* »

(1) Il s'agit de Pasternak (N.D.L.R.).

DAILY TELEGRAPH, London
20 November 1969

PEN ASKS FOR SOLZHENITSYN'S RESTORATION

By Our Communist Affairs Correspondent

M. Pierre Emmanuel, president of the international writers' organisation, P.E.N., yesterday appealed to Mr. Konstantin Fedin, secretary of the Soviet Writers' Union, to restore the writer, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, to membership of the union. His expulsion from the union was announced last week.

In a cable sent yesterday to Moscow, M. Emmanuel said he was "appalled and shocked" at the treatment of Mr Solzhenitsyn whom he described as "that great and universally respected writer."

"We beg you to intervene personally and restore him to membership, thus combating the much deplored and prolonged persecution of one of our most eminent colleagues," the message said. Mr Roger Fernay, executive vice-president of the International Writers' Guild, also cabled Moscow yesterday appealing for Mr Solzhenitsyn's restoration to membership.

NEW YORK TIMES
23 November 1969

7 IN SOVIET PROTEST SOLZHENITSYN CURB

MOSCOW, Nov. 22 (UPI)—Seven of his colleagues have asked the Soviet writers' union to reconsider its expulsion of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the Russian author.

The union expelled him two weeks ago on the ground that his writings were too critical of Soviet life and his refusal to dissociate himself from the furor his novels "The Cancer Ward" and "The First Circle" created in the West.

Literary sources said seven writers had made individual representations to the union leadership. The included Bulat Okudzhava, Yuri V. Trifonov, Vladimir F. Tendryakov and Grigory Y. Baklanov, the sources said.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn has the right to appeal the expulsion but has been reluctant to do so because of the likelihood of rejection. He has filed a letter of protest pleading for freedom of expression in the Soviet Union and calling Soviet society "gravely sick."

LE MONDE, Paris
22 July 1970

LA CANDIDATURE DE SOLJENITSYNE PROPOSÉE AU PRIX NOBEL DE LITTÉRATURE par l'association Arts et Progrès

L'association Arts et Progrès, constituée dans le but d'établir des contacts entre intellectuels français et intellectuels des pays de l'Est, vient de lancer la proposition d'une candidature au prix Nobel de littérature 1970 d'Alexandre Soljenitsyne pour l'ensemble de son œuvre.

Cette motion a recueilli les signatures d'une cinquantaine d'écrivains et personnalités dont MM. Jacques Chastenet, René Clair, François Mauriac, Wladimir d'Ormesson, Pierre-Henri Simon, de l'Académie française, Raymond Aron, Paul Bastid, Gabriel Marcel, Pierre de Boisdreffre, Alfred Fabre-Luce, Jean-Pierre Faye, Paul Flamand, Armand Lanoux, Laurent Schwartz.

Elle a été adressée au comité du prix Nobel de l'Académie suédoise.

NEW YORK TIMES
5 December 1969

16 Western Intellectuals Score Soviet Attacks on Solzhenitsyn

A letter condemning the expulsion of Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn from the Soviet writers union is being sent to Moscow over the signatures of 16 intellectuals, including Arthur Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre and Carlos Fuentes.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn has been under attack in the Soviet union, where his works have not been published since 1966. Two of his books, "The First Circle" and the Cancer Ward," have been published in the West. Both have been banned in te Soviet Union.

The letter was framed by Mr. Miller, who is the vice president of PEN, the international writers organization. It said in part:

"We reject the conception that an artist's refusal to humbly accept state censorship is in any sense criminal in a civilized society, or that publication by foreigners of his books is ground for persecuting him.

It also said: "We sign our names as men of peace declaring our solidarity with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's defense of those fundamental rights of the human spirit which unite civilized people everywhere."

The other signatories to the letter selected because of their acceptance and popularity within the Soviet Union, included the following American writers:

Charles Bracelen Flood, John Updike, John Cheever, Truman Capote, Richard Wilbur Mitchell Wilson, Kurt Vonnegut and Harrison E. Salisbury.

The other signers were Igor Stravinsky, Yukio Mischima, Günter Grass, Heinrich Böll and Friederich Dürrenmatt.

In a letter last week to Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin, Bertrand Russell said that the expulsion "is in the interest of neither justice nor the good name of the Soviet Union."

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH
London, 26 July 1970

CHAPERON FOR LENIN PRIZE MAN

Sunday Telegraph Reporter

CHINGIZ AITMATOV, 41, the first prominent Soviet author to visit Britain since the defection of A. Anatol (Anatoli Kuznetsov) a year ago, has arrived in London to launch the publication in English of one of his recent novels.

He is a Lenin prize winner for literature and survived this year's "purge" of the controversial magazine *Novy Mir* when Mr. Tvardovsky, the liberal editor, was dismissed. Mr. Aitmatov remains a member of the editorial board.

Mr. Aitmatov is accompanied on his two-week visit by a student from Moscow's highest diplomatic school, acting as interpreter, and by his 16-year-old son.

They are spending this weekend at Felixstowe with Mr. John French, who has translated the novel "Farewell, Gul'sary" which Hodder and Stoughton has now published. The book contains a powerful criticism of the suffering endured under Stalinism.

During his stay, Mr. Aitmatov hopes to meet writers and students, see places of historic interest in London and increase his knowledge of the English theatre and cinema.

LE MONDE, Paris
10 October 1970

CPYRGHT

OUVRAGES DISPONIBLES EN FRANÇAIS

Le Premier Cercle, *chez Laffont*; le Pavillon des cancéreux, Une journée d'Ivan Denissovitch *et* la Maison de Matriona, *chez Julliard.*

Au mois de janvier, chez Laffont, doit paraître une pièce de théâtre, l'Esclave et l'Innocent, *et prochainement chez Julliard des* Textes et Nouvelles inédits; *enfin, les Cahiers de l'Herne vont publier à la fin de l'année un cahier consacré à Soljenytsine avec des textes inédits et, pour la première fois, des témoignages et des critiques d'écrivains soviétiques. Ce cahier sera publié sous la direction de Georges Nivat et de Michel Aucouturier.*

WASHINGTON POST
13 November 1969

CPYRGHT

Quoting the Best Of Solzhenitsyn

Washington Post Foreign Service

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's short story, "Matryona's Home," has been called the best short story in all post-Stalin Soviet literature. It is about a man who, after completing his sentence in an Asian prison camp, seeks a job teaching in European Russia and is assigned to a place called Torfoprodukt (peat product). This passage seemed apropos on the day Solzhenitsyn's expulsion from the Soviet Writers' Union was made official—and gives a glimpse of the qualities that make him a great writer.

"Torfoprodukt? Turgenev never knew that you can put words like that together in Russian . . .

"Over the settlement hung smoke from the factory chimney. Little locomotives ran this way and that along narrow-gauge railway lines, giving out more thick smoke and piercing whistles, pulling loads of dirty brown peat in slabs and briquettes. I could safely assume that in the evening a loudspeaker would be crying its heart out over the door of the club and there would be drunks roaming the streets and, sooner or later, sticking knives in each other.

"This was what my dream about a quiet corner of Russia had brought me to . . . when I could have stayed where I was and lived in an adobe hut looking out on the desert, with a fresh breeze at night and only the starry dome of the sky overhead."

The narrator boards with Matryona, who is killed in an accident. The story ends:

CPYRGHT

"She was misunderstood and abandoned even by her husband. She had lost six children, but not her socialite ways. She was a stranger to her sisters and sister-in-law, a ridiculous creature who stupidly worked for others without pay. She didn't accumulate property against the day she died. A dirty-white goat, a game-legged cat, some rubber plants . . .

"We had all lived side by side with her and never understood that she was that righteous one without whom, as the proverb says, no village can stand.

"Nor any city.

"Nor our whole land."

CPYRGHT

RUSSIAN WRITERS

WHAT IS A RUSSIAN AUTHOR? To the Soviet Writers' Union he is one who accepts the principle of censorship and "Socialist realism." Mr ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN has been expelled from the Writers' Union because he did not. He was not prepared to extol uncritically the Soviet way of life. His fellow author, Mr KUZNETSOV, has been able to describe in the freedom of the West how his own works were returned to him with suggestions that he should make life in the Soviet Union appear a little jollier. The brilliant Mr SINYAVSKY is doing seven years' hard labour, because he allowed some of his works to be published abroad.

Could TOLSTOY have lived and created his masterpieces in the atmosphere of Russia today? Was MAXIM GORKY really reconciled to the school of "Socialist realism" that he was meant to have founded? He died deeply saddened by the debasement of Russian literature. Russian officialdom has blamed Mr KUZNETSOV for forsaking his country. Yet those authors who remain there are shamefully treated. Russian writers who have striven to contribute something to their own environment—and most artists are rebels at heart—have been eliminated in one way or another. In such conditions can Russian literature itself survive?

TIME
29 June 1970

Protesting Spiritual Murder

The incarceration of free-thinking, healthy people in madhouses is spiritual murder. It is a variant of the gas chamber, but it is an even more cruel variation, for the tortures of those being held are more vicious and prolonged.

With those words, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Russia's greatest living novelist, last week lashed out at what has become perhaps the most sinister aspect of the current Soviet crackdown on internal dissent: the confinement of dissidents in mental institutions on the grounds that they are mentally unbalanced. Said Solzhenitsyn in his protest statement, which was circulated to Western newsmen in Moscow: "If this were only the first case! But it has become a fashion, a devious method of reprisal without determining guilt when the real cause is too shameful to be stated."

Solzhenitsyn's protest was prompted by the case of Dr. Zhores Medvedev, a prominent Soviet geneticist who last month was locked up in a mental institution. Nine months ago Medvedev lost his job as head of a radiological institute in Obninsk. Reason: the publication in the West of a book, in which he charged that Stalin's pet scientist, Trofim Lysenko, had thwarted the advancement of Soviet biological research. Medvedev attacked Lysenko for distorting facts for political reasons, and for imposing "demagoguery and intimidation" on Soviet science, leading to "scientific bankruptcy." In line with Communist ideology, Lysenko taught that environmental surroundings have greater significance in the development of an organism than heredity. In addition, Medvedev has criticized Soviet mail censorship, travel restrictions and the lack of free exchange of scientific ideas with the West. Wrote Solzhenitsyn: "It is precisely his sensitivity to injustice and to stupidity that are made to seem a sick deviation—poor adjustment to the social milieu. If you do not think as you are supposed to think, that means you are insane! And well-adjusted people? They should all think alike."

Chalked Appeal. Other outstanding Russian scientists and intellectuals shared Solzhenitsyn's outrage. The day after Medvedev's incarceration four well-known Russian scientists—Andrei Sakharov, Pyotr Kapitsa, Vladmir Engelgardt and Boris Astaurov—sent protest telegrams to the mental institution. In front of a classroom of students, Sakharov, the author of a brilliant essay on the inevitability of the convergence of American and Russian systems, who lectures at the Lebedev Institute of Physics in Moscow, chalked on the blackboard a plea for signatures on a protest petition. Other intellectuals, including Alexander Tvardovsky, the ousted editor of *Novy Mir*, Roy Medvedev, Zhores' twin brother, and Igor Tamm, Nobel-prizewinning physicist, also protested Medvedev's imprisonment.

Their concern was well founded. Former Major General Pyotr Grigorenko, a Russian political dissident who is currently reported being held in a mental institution in Tashkent, managed to send out notes that his wife has made public. "They decided to break me immediately," he wrote. "They put me into a straitjacket, beat me and choked me." When he went on a hunger strike, the attendants brutally inserted an expander into his mouth. Scribbled Grigorenko, "Force-feeding every day. I resist as much as I can. They beat me and choke me again. They twist my hands, hit my crippled leg." Earlier this month, Vladmir Bukovsky, a writer who spent 2½ years in a mental institution, declared that drugs are used to keep patients in line. According to Bukovsky, a Soviet drug called Sulfazin, which induces fever and temperature, is administered as a punishment, while one called Aminazin, which causes stomach cramps as a side effect, is given to bring about a state of torpor. Soviet intellectuals estimate that some 250 Soviet citizens are being held in Russian asylums purely for political reasons.

Doubtful Tactics. In the past, protests against the incarceration of dissidents have, in Solzhenitsyn's words, "bounced back like peas off a wall." But this time the authorities seemed to take some heed of the remonstrances. In a surprise move, Soviet authorities last week told Medvedev that he was free to go home. His release, however, was only a temporary reprieve, for he was warned that he might be recalled at any time for further observation.

How can Solzhenitsyn get away with his brave and outspoken protest? Dissenters in Russia today walk a highly precarious line. Solzhenitsyn, who served eight years in Stalinist labor camps, was summarily dismissed from the Soviet Writers' Union only last year. More recently, it has been rumored that his persistent protests might cause the state to declare him, too, mentally unbalanced, thus inflicting on him the very punishment he denounced. His latest protest may be a straightforward act of great courage, in disregard of consequences. But it may also be a last-ditch effort at self-preservation since, in view of the worldwide attention drawn by Solzhenitsyn's outcry, Russia's rulers might hesitate to move against him. To what extent such tactics might work is doubtful, as is suggested by the case of the brilliant young author Andrei Amalric. He was allowed to protest publicly for so long that some intellectuals actually suspected that he was a KGB agent. Last May he was imprisoned.

NEW YORK TIMES
9 October 1970

Solzhenitsyn Is Awarded Nobel Prize in Literature

CPYRGHT

Special to The New York Times

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 8 — Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, the internationally acclaimed Soviet author whose works are banned in his homeland, won the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature today.

The writer of the novels "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," "The First Circle" and "The Cancer Ward" was cited by the Swedish Academy, which makes the annual literature award, "for the ethical force with which he has pursued the indispensable traditions of Russian literature."

[Mr. Solzhenitsyn said he accepted the prize and would travel to Stockholm to receive it "insofar as this depends on me." There was no indication in Moscow how the Soviet authorities would react. Page 16.]

The award, to be presented formally at a ceremony here Dec. 10, carries prize money equivalent to about $78,000.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn, who was expelled by the Soviet Writers' Union earlier this year with the suggestion that he go into exile, was hailed today by Dr. Karl-Ragnar Gierow, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, as a "son of the Russian revolution of Lenin's revolution.

"He has never given up his spiritual heritage," Dr. Gierow added.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn is the second controversial Soviet author to receive the Nobel award in the last 12 years. In 1958, Boris Pasternak, a poet, won the prize mainly for his novel "Doctor Zhivago," but was compelled by the Soviet Union, then led by Nikita S. Khrushchev, to refuse the award.

In 1965, the academy honored Mikhail A. Sholokhov, the Soviet author of "And Quiet Flows the Don." Mr. Sholokhov, who enjoys official favor, made the trip to Stockholm to receive his award.

The award to Mr. Sholokhov was viewed at the time as an attempt to strike a balance with the prize for Mr. Pasternak, which had been assailed in the Soviet Union as a "hostile political act."

In view of this controversy there had been some doubt whether the academy would now risk affronting Moscow again with the selection of an author who was in official disfavor. The vote today was a close one, with Patrick White, an Australian novelist, losing by a narrow margin.

Mr. White lost out last year as well, when the prize went to Samuel Becket, the French-Irish novelist and playwright.

Based on Experiences

The novels for which Mr. Solzhenitsyn is best known stem largely from his own experiences in prison, to which he was sent in 1945 for having written a letter to a friend critical of Stalin. He was released in 1953 and deported for life from the European part of the Soviet Union. But in 1957, as a result of Mr. Khrushchev's program of de-Stalinization, he was fully rehabilitated.

The publication in 1962 of his short novel about life in a Stalin labor camp, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," brought him wide attention. That book was first published in the Soviet Union, but the two that firmly established his reputation abroad were not.

However, smuggled copies of "The Cancer Ward," which details life in a prison hospital under Stalin, and "The First Circle," which describes life in a Stalinist research center for detained scientists, have circulated among Soviet intellectuals

These two novels were considered too critical of Soviet society to be allowed to appear.

The magazine Novy Mir, which published the short novel "One Day," also published three other short stories by Mr. Solzhenitsyn in 1963 and 1964. They were the last works by him to appear in his homeland.

His drama "The Love-Girl and the Innocent," is scheduled to have its world premiere in Minneapolis Oct. 13. The play, which is also scheduled for the 1971-1972 New York season, is described as a love story of two prisoners in a Stalinist labor camp.

A collection of his short stories is being published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux early next year under the title "For the Good of the Cause."

BALTIMORE SUN
12 October 1970

Russian Dissidents Support Solzhenitsyn Nobel Award

CPYRGHT

By DEAN MILLS
[Moscow Bureau of The Sun]

Moscow, Oct. 11—A group of 37 Muscovites have signed a letter praising the decision to award the Nobel Prize in Literature to Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn.

The short document, made available today to Western correspondents, was issued to refute an official Soviet declaration that "the entire Soviet public" opposes the choice of Mr. Solzhenitsyn. The 51-year-old writer has long been unpublished in the Soviet Union and was expelled from the official Writers Union last year for writing too pessimistically about Soviet life.

Dissident sources said they could have gathered many additional signatures for their statement, given the time. But they wanted to offer an immediate response to the statement of the Writers Union printed in Friday's edition of *Izvestia* and reprinted yesterday by *Pravda*.

"We hail the Nobel Committee for the decision," the dissident letter said. It praised Mr. Solzhenitsyn, whose works are the most treasured items among the "publications" of the underground typewritten press here, for the "civic inspiration, philosophic depth and high creative craftsmanship" of his writing.

Several Intellectuals

Among the signers are Pyotr Yakir, the historian who is unofficial leader of the small dissident group, and a number of the other intellectuals who have supported other unorthodox causes.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn, the letter says, is a man recognized by the whole world as a powerful writer admired for "the humanitarian principles" which he "consistently and courageously defends."

"National Disgrace"

The letter anticipates the possibility of a further crackdown on dissidents in connection with the Nobel Committee's decision.

"We are prepared for the conferring of the Nobel Prize upon A. I. Solzhenitsyn," the letter said, "to become one of those regularly occurring occasions for the continuation of that badgering which is consistently conducted here against him and which has become a national disgrace."

The official Soviet reaction to the choice of Mr. Solzhenitsyn has been limited so far to the Writers Union statement.

There has still been no indication of whether the writer will be permitted by Soviet authorities to make the trip to Stockholm in December to accept the prize in person. Both in Moscow and in a cable to Stockholm, he has declared his personal desire to go.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn remains in Moscow, where is writing the last chapter of a new novel about World War I, "August Nineteen Fourteen."

NEW YORK TIMES
9 October 1970

From the Prose of the Writer's Three Principal Works

Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn has been described as an author who has insisted upon holding a mirror up to Soviet society and accepting the perils and trials he knew would be inflicted upon him.

In "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," this mirror captures day-to-day life in a Soviet prison camp in Stalin's day, as in the following excerpt:

Translation by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley

Reveille was sounded, as always, at 5 A.M.—a hammer pounding on a rail outside camp HQ. The ringing noise came faintly on and off through the windowpanes covered with ice more than an inch thick, and died away fast. It was cold and the warder didn't feel like going on banging.

The sound stopped and it was pitch black on the other side of the window, just like in the middle of the night when Shukhov had to get up to go to the latrine, only now three yellow beams fell on the window—from two lights on the perimeter and one inside the camp.

He didn't know why but nobody'd come to open up the barracks. And you couldn't hear the orderlies hoisting the latrine tank on the poles to carry it out.

Shukhov never slept through reveille but always got up at once. That gave him about an hour and a half to himself before the morning roll call, a time when anyone who knew what was what in the camps could always scrounge a little something on the side. He could sew someone a cover for his mittens out of a piece of old lining. He could bring one of the big gang bosses his dry felt boots while he was still in his bunk, to save him the trouble of hanging around the pile of boots in his bare feet and trying to find his own. Or he could run around to one of the supply rooms where there might be a little job, sweeping or carrying something. Or he could go to the mess hall to pick up bowls from the tables and take piles of them to the dishwashers. That was another way of getting food, but there were always too many other people with the same idea. And the worst thing was that if there was something left in a bowl you started to lick it. You couldn't help it. And Shukhov could still hear the words of his first gang boss, Kuzyomin—an old camp hand who'd already been inside for 12 years in 1943. Once, by a fire in a forest clearing, he'd said to a new batch of men just brought in from the front:

"It's the law of the jungle here, fellows. But even here you can live. The first to go is the guy who licks out bowls, puts his faith in the infirmary, or squeals to the screws."

"The Cancer Ward" is a more emotional and reflective book, and in the following excerpts the protagonist, just released from the hospital in which he has been detained, tastes freedom outside the walls and finds disappointment:

Translation by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg

He walked out of the hospital gates thinking to himself, it's just like leaving prison.

*

Shashlik!

It was an enticing smell, the mixed odor of smoke and meat. The meat on the skewers wasn't charred, it wasn't even dark brown, it was the tender pinky-gray of meat nearly just right. The stallkeeper, round and flat of face, was unhurriedly turning the sticks round or moving them away from the fire and over the ashes.

"How much?" asked Kostoglotov.

"Three," the stallkeeper answered dreamily.

Oleg couldn't understand—three what? Three kopecks was too little, three rubles seemed too much. Perhaps he meant three sticks for a ruble. It was a difficulty he was always coming across since his release from the camp: he couldn't get the proper scale of prices into his head.

"How many for three rubles?" Oleg guessed, trying to find a way out.

The stallkeeper was too lazy to speak. He lifted one skewer up by the end, waved it at Oleg as one would to a child, and put it back on the fire.

One skewer, three rubles? Oleg shook his head. It was a scale beyond his experience. He only had five rubles a day to live on. But how he longed to try it? His eyes examined every piece of meat, selecting one for himself. Each skewer had its own special attraction.

"All gone," said the stallkeeper to Oleg.

"Gone? All gone?" asked Oleg miserably. Why on earth had he hesitated? It might be the first and last chance of a lifetime?

"They didn't bring any in today," said the stallkeeper, cleaning up his things. It looked as if he was getting ready to lower the awning.

"Hey, boys, give me one skewer!" Oleg begged the truck drivers. "One skewer, boys!"

One of them, a heavily tanned by flaxen-haired young man, nodded to him. "All right, take one," he said.

*

There were even more joys in store for him today!

And so he ran across a wineshop, not a modern store with bottles but an old-fashioned vintner's with barrels. It was half dark, half damp, with a peculiar sourish atmosphere. They were pouring the wine out of the barrels straight into glasses. And a glass of the cheap stuff cost two rubles. After the *shashlik* this was cheap indeed! Kostoglotov pulled one more 10-ruble note out of the depths of his pocket and handed it over to be changed.

The taste turned out to be nothing special, but his head was so weak the wine made it turn even as he was finishing the glass. He left the shop and walked on. Life seemed even better, even though it had been good to him ever since morning. . . .

There were still more joys in store for him today.

In "The First Circle," Solzhenitsyn is harshly satirical, as in these excerpts from a scene in which Abakumov, an aide to the state security chief, Lavrenti P. Beria, chats with Stalin:

Translation by Thomas P. Whitney

His face enlivened, Abakumov said, "We understand, Iosif Vissarionovich!" He said, speaking for the whole ministry, "We understand: the class struggle is going to intensify! All the more reason, Iosif Vissarionovich, for you to see our situation—how our hands are tied by the abolition of the death penalty! We've been beating our heads against that wall for two and a half years. Now there is no legal way of processing the people we are going to shoot. It means the sentence has to be written out in two different versions. And then when we pay the executioners—there's no way to clear their fees through our accounting department, and the accounts get messed up. Then there's nothing to scare them with in the camps. How we need capital punishment! *Give us back capital punishment, Iosif Vissarionovich!*" Abakumov pleaded pleaded with all his heart, putting his hand to his chest and looking hopefully at the swarthy-faced Leader. . . .

"One day soon I will give you back capital punishment," he said thoughtfully, looking outward, as if he were seeing years into the future. "It will be a good educational measure. . . ."

From the bright distance into which he had just been staring, Stalin shifted his eyes to Abakumov, and suddenly they narrowed craftily.

"Aren't you afraid you'll be the first one we shoot?"

NEW YORK TIMES
9 October 1970

'The Only Living Soviet Classic'

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the great young Soviet poet, calls Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn "the only living classic in Russia."

His judgment is shared by many of his literate countrymen as well as critics abroad and readers who have made Solzhenitsyn a best-seller in a dozen languages. The published bulk of Solzhenitsyn's work is small compared with that of most major writers—and far, far smaller in terms of what has been published in his own country. His reputation is based on two major works—"The First Circle" and "The Cancer Ward"—and on "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," a novella, plus a handful of vignettes and two or three plays.

An Appraisal

Of this writing only "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and a few of the vignettes have been published (in tiny editions) in the Soviet Union. That is not to say that Soviet readers do not know his other writings, but they have read them only in typescript and mimeograph copies, circulating in a few hundred examples.

Essential Human Conflict

From the moment of publication of "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" there has never been doubt that a great figure in the field of humane letters, a worthy successor to Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, Chekhov, Bunin and Pasternak had appeared improbably in a Soviet milieu still marked by the harsh repressions of the political censors and the even harsher harassment of the political police.

What are the qualities which have marked Solzhenitsyn's work?

First and immeasurably most important has been his precise and dramatic concern for the essential human conflict of the era, the struggle of the small, ordinary Soviet man and woman to survive under conditions that seem beyond the strength of body and spirit to bear.

No one has captured the pathos of the human condition in the Soviet Union as has Solzhenitsyn, in part, perhaps, because he has lived it all. "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" was one day in the life of Aleksandr Sozhenitsyn, a "zak," or prisoner, in one of Stalin's Siberian camps.

It is all there, put down word for word, pain for pain, agony for agony—with the precision of a surgeon and the exactitude of a mathematician, and with the deep understanding that all of humanity is the victim of a system in which some men are brutalized by prison wardens and some are brutalized by being prison wardens.

In a review of "The First Circle" written for The New York Times, this writer said: "The concept of the world as a prison comes naturally to a Russian—his world is a prison."

"The First Circle" was a study of the world of a prisoner, once again the prisoner being Solzhenitsyn himself. But this was no ordinary prisoner for, as the review noted, "it is Solzhenitsyn's camera eye, his absolute sense of pitch, his Tolstoyan power of characterization, his deep humaneness, his almost military discipline, and Greek feeling for the unities which make his work a classic."

Almost all the work of Solzhenitsyn that is now known grows out of the Soviet prison system, but there is no monotony, for the prison system was —and is—as rich and varied as life itself, embracing so large a portion of the population.

A Towering Figure

In every country critics and public have hailed Solzheitsyn as a towering figure in 20th-century literature. And this was also true in the Soviet Union from the inception of his public career in the last days of the regime of Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev.

But in the dour atmosphere of present-day Russia, another kind of criticism has arisen—a political criticism that characterizes Solzhenitsyn, like other great Russian writers of the past, as rubbish. To which Solzhenitsyn, at the time of his expulsion from the Soviet Writers Union, replied: "The blind lead the blind. The time is near when every one of you will try to find out how you can scrape your signatures off today's resolution."

The body of Solzhenitsyn's known work is comparatively small, and it represents only a part of what he has created. He is now on another major work, one that his friends have said breaks new ground. It is said to be a historical subject, one that some have already begun to compare with Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

Solzhenitsyn, quite clearly, is a living example of a thought he expressed in "The First Circle":

"For a country to have a great writer is like having another government. That's why no regime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
9 October 1970

Pearls of dissent

Extraordinary literature is often produced in confinement. It may be a social confinement, such as in the royal court of 12th century Japan in which the woman novelist Murasaki wrote "The Tale of Genji." It may be economic confinement, such as the migrant farm workers faced in California which inspired John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath."

Or it may be a political confinement, like that in which Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote the novels that have earned him the 1970 Nobel prize for literature.

Few would argue that Solzhenitsyn did not deserve the prize — except for those in his fatherland, the Soviet Union, who are troubled by the profound impact his works have had at home and abroad.

The worry of much of the rest of the world, and his supporters in the U.S.S.R., must thus be for the personal circumstances of the writer himself. Solzhenitsyn has been a stubborn and scathing critic of Soviet society, in his three novels as well as in his letters and conversation. He was expelled last year from the Soviet writer's union. And there were rumors that he may soon have been asked to leave the Soviet Union itself. Solzhenitsyn has accepted the prize.

One can only speculate on whether he may be asked to change his mind and yield as Boris Pasternak did in 1958. Solzhenitsyn's past obduracy makes it unlikely he would do so. Perhaps the awarding of the prize in 1965 to Mikhail Sholokhov, a staunch supporter of the Soviet system, will work in Solzhenitsyn's favor.

But there is no doubt the great novels of Solzhenitsyn, like pearls an oyster can neither disown nor digest, are an embarrassment to the U.S.S.R. That system may now clamp down all the harder on the irritations of dissent.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
14 October 1970

Solzhenitsyn's 'Play' a first in Minneapolis

By Louis Snyder

Minneapolis

The arts are thriving in the Twin Cities. On Thursday in St. Paul, the Minnesota Orchestra opened its season in a striking new hall, thereby doubling its subscription series this year. (More will appear subsequently about the orchestra and its second home.) Last night, in Minneapolis, the Minnesota Theater Company was scheduled to scoop the world with the premiere of "A Play by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn," the Soviet writer without honor in his own country, who, only last week, was named this year's Nobel Prize winner for literature.

Friday afternoon's preview audience for "A Play" at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater consisted principally of high school students, with some elders mixed in. What they saw was a searingly realistic recreation of life in a Stalinist correctional labor camp in 1945, with seemingly little to be altered before last night's opening. Their response was the silence that comes of awe and absorption in a piece that achieves its ultimate impression through the fundamental truth of its ideas, rather than by surface theatricality of stage action.

Probably the unobtrusive cerebral demands of "A Play" make it the most difficult kind of drama to stage, since Solzhenitsyn has specified a constantly changing panorama of scenes within the camp, and at least 45 acting parts to implement them.

Director Michael Langham has used a monolithic gray wall, flanked by two guard towers, as a background for the commodious thrust stage, on which necessary setpieces are moved for each scene—a desk, iron moulds, a barbed-wire fence—as required. The actors, individually or in groups, move fluidly on and offstage by way of ramps and openings around the stage circumference. Despite built-in accents which inhibit instant credibility in several key characters, the company played with assurance on Friday, illuminating the complex patterns Mr. Langham had devised for this numbing tale.

Rebuff to ideology

It would be easy to dismiss the plot as a portrayal of good against evil, hope downed by despair, innocence overcome by corruption. All of this does enter into the story of Rodion Nemov, an army captain confined for an offhand anti-Stalin remark, but as prisoner production chief still imbued enough with the principles of honesty and patriotism to try to make things work for the common good in what one old-time prisoner calls "one of the good places."

But the contradictions of ideology by the facts of everyday existence in this camp, explicitly exposed but never to the point of caricature, make Rodion's lot impossible. As a fellow prisoner remarks, he "suffers from a bad case of idealism." Among the prisoners, he is an "innocent" in a colony of "professionals," who make others work for them, and of despised compromisers who have gone over to helping the prison administration in allocating work or bossing gangs.

Solzhenitsyn's "Play" is remarkable for the recognizable humanity it invests in even the most despicable characters. He reveals a crowd of ordinary people—no one in the play is depicted as an exceptional individual — whose struggles in the inescapable web are extenuated by recourse to primitive instincts: acquisitiveness, violence (there is a breathtaking, leaping, roaring fight scene), promiscuity, deceit, and brutality.

Searching experience

On the other hand, there are surprising glints of the real people these were before they became hardened enemies of the state. There is a deeply touching scene between Pavel Gai, another officer-prisoner, and his visiting wife, presided over by a towering guard, who will not permit them to touch one another. Their desperate efforts to communicate, reduced to monosyllables, is never maudlin, nor is the awakening of love between Rodion and Lyuba, who has found that compromise is the only palliative for living out her seemingly endless term.

Although Solzhenitsyn, in this his first play, might be expected to achieve results exclusively through a factual panoramic glimpse into memories of his past in a labor camp, "A Play" makes its own mark as a searching dramatic experience if not as a generically theatrical one. In retrospect, scenes, characters, and situations revive in the memory with vivid clarity: Rodion's demission as production chief; Dimka, the 14-year-old prisoner-foundryman; the release of emotion in a camp concert; the panic generated by inclusion in a quota chosen to move on to the next unpredictable camp. Solzhenitsyn has endowed the most minor characters with the breath of life, and the most transitory situations with a realism that is inherently powerful and moving.

It is not readily apparent how much Solzhenitsyn's original play, accepted for performance in Moscow in 1962 and then banned, has been changed through Paul Avila Mayor's adaptation, and the translation by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg, used in the Minnesota Theater Company's production. Suffice it to say, on the basis of Friday's preview, Mr. Langham and his large company—to single out any individuals would be to neglect others as worthy—have succeeded with a gigantic, and at the same time, delicate task. At this time of worldwide recognition, it would be regrettable to have Solzhenitsyn misrepresented or misunderstood in any way. However, at the Guthrie Theater, his message is being delivered loud and clear, with strength and sincerity.

TIME, OCTOBER 19, 1970

A Prize and a Dilemma

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN refused to believe it. Even though his friends told him last week that he had won the Nobel Prize for Literature, Russia's greatest living writer, whose works are banned in the Soviet Union, remained incredulous. The friends, who normally shield his whereabouts carefully from outsiders, finally told a Norwegian correspondent in Moscow how he could reach Solzhenitsyn by telephone. Per Egil Hegge of Oslo's *Aftenposten* immediately called him to confirm the news. Then Hegge asked the author for a comment.

At first Solzhenitsyn demurred, but the reporter persisted. "The world is interested in your reaction," Hegge said. Finally, Solzhenitsyn agreed to draft a statement, which he then read to Hegge. "I accept the prize," said Solzhenitsyn. "As far as it will depend on me, I intend to receive the prize in person on the traditional day." To make sure no one could say that he was too ill to travel, Solzhenitsyn added: "I am in good health."

Ominous Outlook. In granting the award, the Swedish Academy may well have set in motion a showdown that will pit the Soviet regime of Leonid Brezhnev and Alekxei Kosygin against a lone and indomitable man who has become a hero of Russia's growing dissident movement and a symbol to those of his countrymen who yearn for greater artistic freedom. Even as Solzhenitsyn, 51, and his wife Natalya celebrated the award with friends at a party outside Moscow in the little wooden dacha of Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, hard-lining Soviet literary bureaucrats were preparing an attack on him. Under the heading "An Unseemly Game," the Soviet Writers' Union, which reflects the Kremlin's views, issued a statement that denounced the award as deplorable and stated that Solzhenitsyn's works gave Western reactionaries ammunition for criticizing the Soviet Union.

So far, the start of the attack is frighteningly similar to the one in 1958, when Boris Pasternak was ultimately forced to reject the prize and in the later stages was reviled by party-lining writers as, among other things, "a pig who fouled the spot where he ate." The Solzhenitsyn affair, however, is potentially far more serious. Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* was less a political novel than a lyrically philosophical view of the effects of the Revolution on the lives of people. By contrast, Solzhenitsyn's main works (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, Cancer Ward, The First Circle*) are explicit descriptions of the day-by-day degradation that some 16 million Russians unjustly underwent in prisons and concentration camps during Stalin's regime. His books indirectly raise the question of the complicity of Russia's present rulers in the old tyrant's crimes.

Pasternak was ultimately cowed not so much by threats against him as by those against his great love Olga Ivinskaya, who was the model for Lara. He feared that she would be without protection if he left Russia, and those fears were borne out when she was imprisoned after his death. Solzhenitsyn, who served eight years in Stalin's prison camps, is unlikely to break in the face of threats to himself or his relations. "No one can block the road to truth," he has said. "In order to advance it, I am willing to accept even death."

Three Alternatives. The Nobel Prize presents the Kremlin with an extremely complex dilemma. Solzhenitsyn has already been expelled from the Writers' Union, denounced as a malicious slanderer, and told to go live in the West. Never having been abroad and deeply rooted to Russia, he vehemently rejects that suggestion. "All my life is here, my homeland," he says. "I listen only to its sadness." Thus he would probably insist on an official public guarantee of being readmitted to Russia if he were allowed to leave to accept the prize. As TIME Contributing Editor Patricia Blake cabled from London, where she interviewed leading British Sovietologists, the Kremlin has three basic alternatives for dealing with Solzhenitsyn:

▶ It can permit Solzhenitsyn to go to Stockholm on Dec. 10 to accept the prize, which includes a $79,000 award. This would cause the least furor and would win Moscow good will abroad. But at home, where dissent in intellectual and scientific circles has grown rapidly during the past three or four years, the decision might encourage others to test the resolve of the Soviet leaders.

▶ It can expel him from the Soviet Union on the grounds that he and Western imperialists are engaged in an anti-Soviet conspiracy. Such action would provoke an intense outcry within the Soviet Union as well as in the U.S. and Western Europe. Moreover, Solzhenitsyn is so famous and outspoken that his statements as an exile might be extremely damaging to Soviet prestige.

▶ It can refuse him the right to leave while intensifying a campaign of harassment and public denunciation that could conceivably end in his arrest and trial. For the past three years, the KGB (secret police) has been constructing a case against Solzhenitsyn by selling his manuscripts abroad, along with fake authorizations from him for their publication. As a result, the KGB could now try to present fabricated evidence that Solzhenitsyn has, in the words of Article 70 of the Russian Republic's criminal code, "willfully disseminated anti-Soviet literature." The maximum penalty: seven years' imprisonment. Perhaps significantly, the Writers' Union statement charged that Solzhenitsyn's works "were illegally taken abroad and used by Western reactionary forces for anti-Soviet aims."

The KGB campaign is one reason Solzhenitsyn is so wary of talking with Western journalists. He lives in seclusion with friends in little dachas near Moscow or in his own small house near the village of Nafrominsk southwest of the capital. He has recovered from the tumor described in *Cancer Ward*, but retains an almost peasant-like distrust of modern medicine. Solzhenitsyn, who writes steadily for as many as 16 hours a day, is now working on a novel about World War I.

Indispensable Tradition. The Swedish Academy cited Solzhenitsyn for "the ethical force with which he has pursued the indispensable traditions of Russian literature."

 LE MONDE, Paris
10 October 1970

ALEXANDRE SOLJENITSYNE

— 11 décembre 1918 : naissance à Kislovodsk. Etudes supérieures scientifiques. Il obtient la licence ès sciences à l'université de Rostov-sur-le-Don.

— 7 juillet 1945 : après avoir été arrêté au moment de l'offensive de Prusse orientale, alors qu'il était capitaine d'artillerie et décoré, il est condamné à huit ans de détention pour avoir dit du mal de Staline.

C'est pendant qu'il purgeait sa peine qu'il est atteint d'un cancer.

— 1956 : libéré à l'occasion du XX• congrès.

— 6 février 1957 : il est réhabilité par jugement de la Cour suprême, ayant lu à haute voix, devant ses juges, *Une journée d'Ivan Denissovitch.*

Il s'installe en compagnie de sa femme à Riazan, en Russie centrale.

— 1962 : sur l'intervention de Khrouchtchev, et grâce au parrainage d'Alexandre Tvardovski, la revue *Novy Mir* publie *Une journée d'Ivan Denissovitch*, qui du jour au lendemain, révèle un très grand prosateur.

— 1963 : *la Maison de Matriona* suivie de *Un cas à la gare de Kretchetovka* et *Pour le bien de la cause*. Les deux romans majeurs : *le Pavillon des cancéreux*, publié chez Juillard en 1968, et *le Premier Cercle*, publié chez Laffont en 1968, ainsi que les pièces de théâtre et un scénario de cinéma n'ont jamais été publiés en U.R.S.S.

— 12 novembre 1969 : il est exclu de l'Union des écrivains.

— 10 mars 1970 : Soljenitsyne charge un avocat suisse de défendre ses intérêts à l'étranger, en vue, notamment, d'éviter toute publication non autorisée. Il a en effet pu soupçonner la police soviétique d'avoir organisé elle-même la diffusion de son œuvre à l'Ouest en vue de le discréditer.

WASHINGTON POST
12 October 1970

"A Man Is Worth More Than Gold"—Solzhenitsyn

"Halt!" shouted a sentry. Like a flock of sheep. "Form fives."

It was growing light. The escort's fire was burning itself out behind the gatehouse. They always lit a fire before the prisoners were sent out to work — to keep themselves warm and be able to see more clearly while counting.

One of the guards counted in a loud brisk voice: "First. Second. Third . . ."

And the prisoners, in ranks of five, separated from the rest and marched ahead, so that they could be watched from front and behind: five heads, five backs, ten legs.

A second gate guard — a checker — stood at the next rail in silence, simply verifying the count.

And, in addition, a lieutenant stood watching.

That was from the camp side.

A man is worth more than gold. If there was one head short when they got past the barbed wire you had to replace it with your own . . .

Out beyond the camp boundary the intense cold, accompanied by a head wind, stung even Shukhov's face, which was used to every kind of unpleasantness. Realizing that he would have the wind in his face all the way to the power station, he decided to make use of his bit of rag. To meet the contingency of a headwind he, like many other prisoners, had got himself a cloth with a long tape at each end. The prisoners admitted that these helped a bit. Shukhov covered his face up to the eyes, brought the tapes around below his ears, and fastened the ends together at the back of his neck. Then he covered his nape with the flap of his hat and raised his coat collar. The next thing was to pull the front flap of the hat down onto his brow. Thus in front only his eyes remained unprotected. He fixed his coat tightly at the waist with the rope. Now everything was in order except for his hands, which were already stiff with cold (his mittens were worthless). He rubbed them, he clapped them together, for he knew that in a moment he'd have to put them behind his back and keep them there for the entire march . . .

It hadn't snow for a week and the road was worn hard and smooth. They skirted the camp and the wind caught their faces sideways. Hands clasped behind their backs, heads lowered, the column of prisoners moved on, as though at a funeral. All you saw was the feet of two or three men ahead of you and the patch of trodden ground where your own feet were stepping. From time to time one of the escorts would cry: "U 48. Hands behind back." or "B 502. Keep up." But they shouted less and less; the slashing wind made it difficult to see. The guards weren't allowed to tie cloth over their faces. Theirs was not much of a job either.

In warmer weather everybody in the column talked, no matter how much the escort might shout at them. But today every prisoner hunched his shoulders, hid behind the back of the man in front of him, and plunged into his own thoughts.

The thoughts of a prisoner — they're not free either. They keep returning to the same things. A single idea keeps stirring. Would they feel that piece of bread in the mattress? Would he have any luck at the dispensary this evening? Would they put Buinovsky in the cells? And how did Tsezar get his hands on that warm vest? He'd probably greased a palm or two in the warehouse for people's private belongings. How else?

Because he had breakfasted without bread and eaten his food cold, Shukhov's belly felt unsatisfied that morning. And to prevent it complaining and begging for food, he stopped thinking about the camp and let his mind dwell on the letter he'd soon be writing home . . .

A new year, 1951, had begun, and Shukhov had the right to two letters that year. He had sent his last letter in July and got an answer to it in October. At Ust-Izhma the rules had been different: you could write once a month. But what was the sense of writing? He'd written no more often than now.

Ivan Shukhov had left home on June 23, 1941. On the previous Sunday the people who'd been to Polomnya to attend Mass had said *War!* At Polomnya they'd learned it at the post office but at Temnenovo no one had a radio in those days. Now, they wrote, the radio roared in every cottage — it was piped in. There was little sense in writing. Writing was like dropping stones in some deep, bottomless pool. They drop; they sink — but there is no answer . . .

Far in the distance, on the other side of the site, the sun, red and enormous, was rising in the haze . . .

From the book One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, English translation; copyright 1963 by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York, and Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. Reprinted with permission of the publishers. Ivan Denisovich Shukhov is Solzhenitsyn.

LE MONDE, Paris
10 October 1970

L'HUMANITÉ : son œuvre demeurera

« Il en est de Soljenitsyne comme il en fut de Pasternak. Celui-ci avait été attaqué dans la presse soviétique : l'Académie suédoise se hâta de couronner, pour un roman de second ordre, le grand poète qu'elle avait vingt ans ignoré. Cette fois, l'Union des écrivains soviétiques a cru révéler les différends qui opposent ses dirigeants à l'un des plus remarquables romanciers de notre temps par une mesure administrative. Du coup, la presse anticommuniste, celle de Suède en particulier, prend feu pour Soljenitsyne, et l'Académie suédoise le couronne. S'étonnera-t-on que le prix Nobel de littérature, qui n'a été décerné ni à Tolstoï, ni à Tchékhov, ni à Gorki, ait, sur trois Soviétiques, couronné deux écrivains qui passaient pour « opposants » et dont on pouvait espérer que leur consécration générait les pouvoirs soviétiques ?

» Cela dit, les minces avantages que chercheront à tirer de l'affaire les ennemis du socialisme seront vite évaporés : l'œuvre d'Alexandre Soljenitsyne demeurera.

» La question n'est pas de savoir si tout, dans le tempérament, les tendances spirituelles, la représentation du monde même, de Soljenitsyne a notre agrément; mais si le prix Nobel de littérature de 1970 couronne un écrivain médiocre ou un écrivain valable.

» Il n'y a sur ce point aucun doute. »

(ANDRÉ WURMSER.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE
12 April 1970

Solzhenitsyn Can Still Write— He Just Can't Publish

SAYING co-translated Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel "Cancer Ward" and play "The Love Girl and the Innocent," I was particularly interested, when visiting Moscow recently, in finding out how he lives. I wanted to speak to him, or, if not to him, at least to his friends, colleagues and sympathizers. But I did not know whether, with my special interest in Soviet affairs, I would even be allowed to move about the city in peace, let alone gossip with "rebellious" intellectuals.

It proved to be much easier than I had expected. The second day of my stay I was introduced to a close friend of Solzhenitsyn's who, to my surprise, told me the writer was in good spirits, living in good conditions, unmolested by the police and working hard on his new novel. The worry of last November's expulsion from the Union of Writers was painful. But his friends rallied round and one, the owner of a large *dacha* just outside Moscow, has offered to have him stay indefinitely.

He is an especially difficult man to approach. He has never been interviewed by a Westerner, and now is not the time to begin. His books were published abroad without his knowledge or consent, but he has been accused of conniving at this and of communicating with Western publishers. If this were true, he could be arrested and jailed for a "crime" similar to that of Sinyavasky and Daniel. I spoke to his close friends, to writers who admire him as a patriot as well as to those who revile him as an enemy. My picture of his life today is drawn from my being as close as an outsider can get to this unknown, world-famous man. It will try to explain the paradox of how he can survive and flourish in such a repressive atmosphere.

Officially, Solzhenitsyn's state —his name is accented on the third syllable—is a sorry one, indeed. Ever since June 26, 1958, when the Union of Writers' weekly Literary Gazette accused him of giving his talent to the "evil-breathers," the enemies of the Soviet Union, his life has been a succession of problems. He has become unpublishable and unemployable, his savings dwindling and his only source of income a small invalid's pension. There were rumors that he was left a house and a large sum of money by Korney Chukovsky, the famous children's writer, who died last October. But they are not true; the money went to Chukovsky's daughter.

Solzhenitsyn's wife, Natalia, now living with him near Moscow, is a science graduate and former teacher. A few years ago she got a job at the Chemical Institute at Obninsk, a great scientific center 130 miles southwest of the capital. She applied for an apartment there in her maiden name, Reshetovskaya, and was given it, only to be turned away when it was discovered whose wife she was. It was then that her husband bought his house in the woods 10 miles from Obninsk for 2,300 rubles. She worked at the institute for some time, but the atmosphere soon became intolerable and she had to resign. Now she, too, is unemployable.

The irony of it is that Solzhenitsyn is a rich man. "Cancer Ward" and "First Circle" sold well throughout the world, and there are tens of thousands of dollars to his credit in Western banks. There is no copyright on books in Russia, and publishers are not legally bound to pay anything. But most of them did pay and still are paying. However, in his case there is no way of getting the money to him. It can be sent legally through banking channels, but it does not reach him. One remembers the savage prison term given to a friend of Boris Pasternak for receiving royalty money —sent illegally—that was due on "Doctor Zhivago."

An eloquent statement of the case against Solzhenitsyn was given me by Alexander Chakovsky, editor-in-chief of Literary Gazette, a member of the Supreme Soviet and of the secretariat of the Writers' Union and one of the most influential men in the Soviet literary establishment. Glasses of tea and a box of chocolates were served in his huge office in Tsvetnoy Bulvar. He described the world best-seller "First Circle" as "a very weak book," and "Cancer Ward" as "in need of improvement." But the crux came when I mentioned the play, "Feast of the Conqueror." "I was given this to read in 1966," Chakovsky told me. "It is a foul piece of work. Having read it, I came to the conclusion that Solzhenitsyn was anti-Soviet, and today I see no reason to change this opinion."

This charge Solzhenitsyn strenuously denies. He admits to being critical of many aspects of modern Russia. In the past this inevitably meant being accused of "anti-Sovietism," lack of patriotism and even treason, but today the situation is not quite so simple. There is slowly coming into existence what Graham Greene has called a "nontorturable class" of Soviet citizens, men who have achieved a certain eminence in or outside Russia and therefore feel their treatment by the authorities will be in accordance with the strict letter of Soviet law. Solzhenitsyn knows well what is legal and what is illegal, and when he protests about things he does not like in Russia he is scrupulous about not breaking the law. The distinction between the legal and the illegal dissident is often missed by outsiders—understandably, since in Stalin's day Soviet law was not worth a penny. It is still harsh, arbitrary and often cruel by Western standards, but at least it now exists, and it is the answer to the question that often perplexes foreigners: Why is Solzhenitsyn not under arrest?

SOLZHENITSYN'S friends and colleagues, critical of Soviet policy but not "anti-Soviet," saw the problem quite differently from the way I had imagined it. I said I thought it intolerable that publication of his books should be banned. They said this was not the main point at issue. The important thing was that he still is able to *write*. Publication was a minor detail which would be solved by time. I said it was disgraceful that a great writer should be abused, hounded and expelled by his "establishment" colleagues. They replied that Solzhenitsyn had suffered much in his life, that his bones would not be broken by words and that nonmembership in the Union of Writers was something he could survive. I asked how he would exist, deprived of his means of earning a living. I was assured that he would not be allowed to starve.

The hospitality of his friends is a great step forward, but Solzhenitsyn's three-room apartment in Proyezd Yablochkova in the city of Ryazan, 115 miles southeast of Moscow, is too small. Three old ladies—his wife's mother and two aunts—live there permanently, leaving little room for a writer to think and work. Solzhenitsyn's hut in the woods is pleasant but primitive—one room upstairs, one room downstairs. Heated only by a Japanese iron stove, it is hardly habitable in winter and now stands

LORD BETHELL, who has translated two of Solzhenitsyn's works, is author of "Gomulka: His Poland and His Communism," published last year by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

empty. It provided little privacy, either from the security police who, though they do not obstruct him, keep him under close observation, or from such men as the ambitious Russian journalist who last summer hid behind a tree, took sneak shots of Solzhenitsyn sitting on the porch and sold them to a German magazine. "It's an ill wind . . ." he remarked recently to a friend.

One new novel he has already finished is called "Gulag-Archipelag," or "The Labor Camp Archipelago." He has only shown it to a few close friends and hardly anyone has read it through. After his experiences with "Cancer Ward" and "First Circle," he realizes that if he lets any manuscript out of his sight, it is only a matter of time before it is copied, shown to more people and recopied. Solzhenitsyn's works breed like rabbits on the typewriters of *samizdat* (the publish-it-yourself press), so one can be sure that a copy would reach the West and be published to howls of delight and fury. Solzhenitsyn is keeping "Gulag-Archipelag" under lock and key.

A second novel is only half-written and represents a new departure, away from modern social criticism and the pervading theme of imprisonment. It is set on the Balkan front of Czarist Russia in the war years 1914-16, when the armies of Nechivolodov were fighting the Austro-Hungarians. The author's father fought in World War I as an officer, and, two years ago, when he was beginning his research for the book, Solzhenitsyn drove to Byelorussia in the old Moskvich car he calls "Denis Ivanovich" because it was bought with royalties from his novel, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

He found remains of the trenches where his father had fought, and even old cartridge cases. There will be little to which Soviet censorship can object in this book, and it will be interesting to see if it stands any hope of publication when ready, which the author hopes will be at the end of this year.

SOLZHENITSYN'S expulsion from the Writers' Union will not help the book's chances, although it is not an automatic ban. Chakovsky told me it "merely expresses the opinion of society. . . . Much will depend on his behavior in the next few months." How Chakovsky knows what society's opinion is I could not discover, since the only people who voted on the matter were the seven writers of Ryazan and the 12 members of the Secretariat in Moscow. The expulsion was engineered, I was told, for reasons of personal advancement—a piece of private-enterprise maneuvering against a thorn in the flesh of the Soviet establishment, too big to be cut out in the old-fashioned way. Clearly, any official who could rid the leadership of this pestilent scribbler would earn its undying gratitude.

I was also told it was no coincidence that the expulsion happened a few days after Samuel Beckett was awarded the Nobel Prize (Oct. 23) for literature. The opinion among Moscow writers is that, if the prize had gone to Solzhenitsyn, as many thought it might, the operation would not have been mounted. It would have been too much of a risk. The Russian leaders feared a repetition of the Pasternak affair as much as did the Nobel Prize Committee, and it was put to me as a sign of the change in Russia since 1958 that such an aberration could never happen today—that the award of such a prize would now defend rather than damage a Russian writer, however much the authorities disapproved of him. I was assured that publicity in the West helps the liberal movement in Russia as long as it is not "tainted" with anti-Communism. The opinion of eminent Westerners who have been friendly to the Soviet Union—men like Arthur Miller, Graham Greene or Louis Aragon—is particularly influential.

EXPULSIONS are not so easy to arrange as they once were, and at one stage it seemed that this one might be prevented by Solzhenitsyn's supporters in Ryazan. One man pretended acute appendicitis and actually let himself be operated on so as to avoid taking part in the dismal business. Another agreed to vote the right way only after the authorities offered him the ultimate bribe of an apartment in town.

I learned the truth about why Solzhenitsyn was not present when the expulsion was confirmed in Moscow. After the Ryazan vote, Franz Taurin, assistant secretary of the Writers Union and present as an observer, told Solzhenitsyn to attend the Union in Moscow at 3 o'clock the next afternoon. "It's impossible," Solzhenitsyn claimed. How could a meeting in Moscow be scheduled only minutes after the Ryazan decision? Surely the secretariat did not *anticipate* the decision of the Ryazan group? If so, said Solzhenitsyn, it had acted unconstitutionally and he would not accept a verbal, nonformal summons.

The next morning, a telegram summoning him officially was sent to Ryazan—to the Union, not to his apartment — and taken to him by hand at 11:20. There was no chance of Solzhenitsyn's reaching Moscow by 3 P.M. The door-to-door journey would take at least four hours, and the trains were delayed by people celebrating the October Revolution. This is the basis for Solzhenitsyn's claim that he was not given a chance to put his case before the Moscow secretariat, and the reason why he wrote a letter to the secretariat protesting the injustice in such virulent terms that some of his friends consider it a mistake.

AT first, some feared that Solzhenitsyn, now no longer a member of his Union, could be charged with "parasitism" or compelled to work as a manual laborer. But this is not so. He remains a member of "Litfond," the writers' social security organization, and so can still call himself a professional writer and even use the Writers' Club on Herzen Street. Indeed, I heard, he was in there a few days after his expulsion. On New Year's Day he came to a Shostakovich concert at the Moscow Conservatory, where he autographed programs for members of the audience who wished him well. Heavy hints have been dropped that he would be happier living abroad, and it was even suggested to me officially that, as his translator, I might have him invited to the West, which would make it possible to issue a visa and passport. But he hates the idea of emigration, which has meant living death to so many writers from Eastern Europe. Away from the Slav atmosphere, such geniuses seem to wilt and lose interest. I was reminded of Milovan Djilas's statement that he would rather be in prison in Yugoslavia than a free émigré.

Because of the cancer that nearly killed him, Solzhenitsyn is classified as an invalid—an added protection against charges of parasitism. He is a freak medical case: the cells of his body are not damaged by irradiation. In 1954 this saved his life near Lake Balkhash where, having been released from the camps on the day of Stalin's death, March 5, 1953, he had to live for a time as an "eternal exile." The growth in his belly made it impossible for him to sleep and made him think of nothing but pain. Much of the detail is in the novel, "Cancer Ward." I had not realized how closely autobiographical is the character of Kostoglotov.

Dead on his feet, Solzhenitsyn eventually got permission to leave his place of exile and enter a hospital, then nearly had to abandon his journey because the drunk caretaker at a place where he stayed en route lost his exile's pass (not the "passport" that ordinary citizens have). Without this he was liable to arrest as an escaped exile. In the hospital he was given massive irradiation and injections, and in three days was a human being again. The cancer is still there, a solid lump, but it seldom bothers him and is not something his friends worry about.

HOW a man like Solzhenitsyn can be happy in today's Russia is difficult for a foreigner to understand.

At the end of my stay and after talks with Soviet writers, I was beginning to get a glimpse of the strange way these people look at their function. "The worse things are, the better they are," was the line from the poet Tsvetayeva they kept quoting. The key to their strange contentment is the way they learn to accept the fact that their work will not be printed. They in turn cannot understand the commercialism of their Western colleagues, impatient to see their work in print or to be paid for it. They have had to rise above such ambitions.

"They reject my work, but this is no tragedy. One day it will be printed. Maybe after my death, but one day. Meanwhile, I can make do. I have somewhere to live and write. Why should I complain?"

I was talking to Bella Akhmadulina, an extremely popular poet and former wife of Yevgeni Yevtushenko. She is 32, and in the 10 years since she started to write only three slim volumes of her work have appeared. Much of the rest has been published abroad, in Russian as well as in translation, without her knowledge or consent. She makes a wonderful picture on the stage at poetry readings: high Tartar cheekbones, pale Russian complexion, copper-red hair and a voice magically girlish as though from another world.

She and Andrei Voznesensky have been invited to read at the Library of Congress in Washington in April, and whether they will go is a question to be decided in Moscow at Central Committee level. They have been told frankly that the decision rests on the status of Soviet-American relations. In the official Soviet mind, poets are part of the cold war whether they like it or not. The ones I spoke to seemed resigned to this unnatural role and content to mold their lives within confines which to me seemed very narrow, but which to them seemed normal.

THE idea that joy and achievement derive from suffering, that this is the natural state of affairs for a writer as for a mother in childbirth, is rooted deep in the Russian creative soul and explains why almost all manage to adapt to Soviet reality, why one so rarely meets a militant anti-Communist. Of course, they exist, but their influence in Russia is much less than the attention they get in the Western press. For them the choice is simple: either they learn to adapt, or . . . they are suppressed by a system which can both reward so lavishly and punish so sternly. Adapting does not necessarily mean "selling out." Having chosen basic loyalty, one can still peck at what is bad in the Soviet system, and what he can get away with depends on his talent and on his influence with the public. He can be a critic of aspects of the Soviet system, but not its opponent.

Bulat Okudzhava is an example of this. He sings his poems, accompanying himself on the guitar, and has a wide following among young people. His records are not distributed in Russia—if they were they would sell out in a moment—but people play tape-recordings of his public performances. "I must warn you," he told the audience at one concert I attended, "I am not a guitarist and I am not a singer." But the effect is superb, and the antiwar message appeals to many young Russians.

"I am a pacifist," he told me, "though not perhaps in the Western sense. There are exceptional cases when a man must fight and kill." At the end of August, 1968, he spoke at a public concert against the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Most of the audience applauded. He was also one of eight who protested that the Union of Writers' secretariat had acted unconstitutionally in expelling Solzhenitsyn. On the other hand, he complained when the anti-Soviet émigré journal Grani printed a story of his without permission. "God knows where they got it from," he told me. "Apart from anything else, it's a bad story. Also, it's boring to have one's work used for a political purpose, especially one quite unrealistic."

Several Russian writers are now at work on historical novels, which are a safe refuge from a difficult political time. There is Solzhenitsyn's new book about the years 1914-16, Vasili Aksenov's about the 1905 revolution and Okudzhava's about Tolstoy. The last is called "The Adventures of Shipov," a true story. It is about a Czarist policeman who falsely reports Tolstoy for running an underground printing press. He is soon showered with money and power beyond his dreams. Ordered to set up a great operation based on this report, he has a brief moment of glory before ending up in Siberia.

It is hard to say when the book will appear. "For me there is no paper," Okudzhava complains. But he is a good example of how a well-known man in Russia can carve out a way of life in which he criticizes the authorities frequently, yet suffers only minor reprisals.

I WAS sitting, rather nervously, in the Writers' Club on Herzen Street. Outside the window there was a sudden series of white explosions. Shells seemed to be bursting all around—but it was only someone shoveling great lumps of snow off the roof into the yard. Then I saw that every few yards along one wall there was a plank of wood propped up. The planks looked too thin to be supporting the place, so I asked a friend why they were there. He pointed up to a row of sharp, gleaming 6-foot-long icicles hanging from the gutter like swords of Damocles. It is good to be reminded of these things, especially in the Union of Writers, and I made a note to keep clear.

The restaurant is famous as the former ballroom of Count Olsufiyev, from whose balcony Czar Alexander II fell drunk to the floor, damaging his kidneys. Would the house become equally famous, I wondered, as the place where it was decided that Alexander Solzhenitsyn should no longer be called a Soviet writer? Perhaps I had been in Moscow too long. It not long enough, but it felt weird to be sitting in a house which had seen so much extreme human drama. It is a good setting for what the members call *La Bolshi Vita*—the horror of the joke fitting in well with their horror of the good life, their suspicion of success and their admiration for Solzhenitsyn, who chose a life of poverty so that he could work at their craft and stay clean of political or financial pressure.

I did see one Solzhenitsyn book on sale in Moscow. Every Sunday at noon in the street called Kuznetsky Most there is an open-air market for unavailable books. For four rubles I bought a paperback edition of "Ivan Denisovich," first published in 1963 and priced at a tenth of that sum. Presumably, the market is tolerated because it provides the book-hungry Muscovites with a safety valve. But it is an extraordinary sight: salesmen with bulging briefcases and books tucked into the lapels of their overcoats, buyers asking them questions and studying their typewritten lists. I saw nothing on display that had not passed Soviet censorship, except for a pack of Danish nudie playing cards, but I was told that a few salesmen do sell *samizdat* typewritten books to customers they know and trust. The going rate for a copy of "Cancer Ward" or "First Circle" is 80 rubles— a month's wages for an unskilled worker. The mere fact that a Russian writer is unpublished does not mean that he is not read.

AT the moment there is no sign of any further action against Solzhenitsyn, but his enemies are strong and this could happen. If it does, the weapon will not be the two unpublished novels. They are clearly anti-Stalinist, not "anti-Soviet," and indeed, in September, 1967, it was touch-and-go whether "Cancer Ward" might appear in the monthly Novy Mir. Chakovsky told me that "Cancer Ward" was suppressed only because the author refused to accept changes "which would certainly have improved the book."

The play "Feast of the Conquerors" is another story. Written in prison in 1949, it implies there was little choice between Stalin and Hitler, and that those Russians who fought on the German side under the renegade General Vlasov may have had a point. After his release, Solzhenitsyn renounced the play and made no attempt to show it around, merely keeping a copy at home for his own reference. Nothing more would have been heard of it if the security police (the K.G.B.) had not raided his apartment in 1965 and stolen what manuscripts they could find. The author's friends tell me there is no doubt that this happened. They are gravely disturbed by publication of excerpts from the play in the German newspaper Die Zeit in December, and by reports that it may appear in an

émigré journal, or in a theater in Paris.

I MENTIONED these reports to Chakovsky and his reaction was a strange one. "Let them print it," he said, "so people will realize what sort of person he is who slanders his country and defends traitors." "You mean you would *like* the play to be published abroad?" I asked him. "I didn't say that," he replied very quickly. But clearly, some Soviet officials would be glad about the play's appearance as a further stick with which to beat Solzhenitsyn, and very possibly it was the K.G.B. that actually had copies sent to the West.

Solzhenitsyn's own attitude toward the play is quite clear. On Sept. 22, 1967, he addressed the Union of Writers and renounced the play formally. "It was not I who wrote the play, but Prisoner No. S-232," he said recently, this being the number he was known by in the camps. Again in "Cancer Ward" his "double," Kostoglotov, speaks about Stalin's crimes: "Things got so tough out there [in the camps], you sometimes went further than you meant to, out of sheer fury." His wise friend Shulubin replies, "Young man, don't ever make this mistake. Don't ever blame Socialism for the sufferings and the cruel years you've lived through." This is the way the author feels.

No such tolerant attitude guides the pronouncements of Chakovsky. He told me, "The play shows Solzhenitsyn for what he is. It is unforgivable." I asked whether it was possible for four years in prison on a trumped-up charge to make a man bitter, to make him say things he might later regret. Chakovsky was not impressed. True, he said, a man could be crushed and degraded by prison. Murder, even cannibalism, he could understand and forgive. But not this play. Because of it, Solzhenitsyn could, in theory, be accused of spreading anti-Soviet propaganda, although prevailing opinion is that a criminal charge based on a 21-year-old play would be laughed out of even a Soviet court. What could happen, especially if the play appears in the West, is that the press campaign against him may become more abusive. I hesitate to tempt the gods, but I cannot believe that he will be arrested.

PROTECTED by his fame and enlarged by his genius, Solzhenitsyn is able to express himself more publicly and more freely than any other Soviet Russian. But like millions of others he has had to adapt to the system and sometimes curb his tongue in the old Russian tradition. I came away from Moscow convinced that this is the way it has to be, at least for the moment. Even if they are anti-Communist, which very few are, writers appreciate that working outside the system is a dead end, a hopeless crusade. I found little sympathy for such men as Anatoli Kuznetsov, who defect to the West and splash their country's troubles over the world in exaggerated detail. Sadly, once a Russian defects he reverses his own cause and his words become tools in the hands of his opponents. No wonder his fellow liberals in Russia consider him an embarrassment, or even a deserter.

The alternative is to stick it out, accepting the whole, but sniping at what is unjust and within range. This is the motor that powers Solzhenitsyn and his admirers. Here, too, there are dangers, for there can be no set rule over what concessions a man may decently make. It is hard to distinguish between conformity and talent—the two faces of success. It is difficult to keep one's integrity in a society where a man must be successful before he feels secure enough to protest or to fight against injustice. In Russia it is those who *have* who protest, those who have not who keep silent—the opposite of our custom in the West. So it is all too easy for a man to rationalize his ambition, to kid himself that there is some noble end that will justify his groveling.

Russian writers have been poured into a saintly mold, but, of course, they are human, they have wives and children to support. This is why Solzhenitsyn has become his colleagues' moral yardstick, Russia's symbol of suffering as well as its most talented writer. It is not a role he relishes, but it is an essential part of him. As his friend said to me last month, "Suppose there had been no Stalin, suppose Solzhenitsyn had not been arrested in 1945, what would he be doing now?" Very possibly he would be a mathematics teacher in Ryazan.

In the end, I think I saw how false is the common picture of Russia—its youth and intellectuals in ferment, its people in despair. True, the country is changing, but very slowly. Russians are critical of their system, but they do not conceive of its overthrow and their protests are usually quiet, if not passive. Solzhenitsyn is the exception, the one man who is almost free. And even with him it was only through suffering—imprisonment, sickness and loyalty to his sick but curable country—that he became a superb writer and a symbol of Russia's future. ■